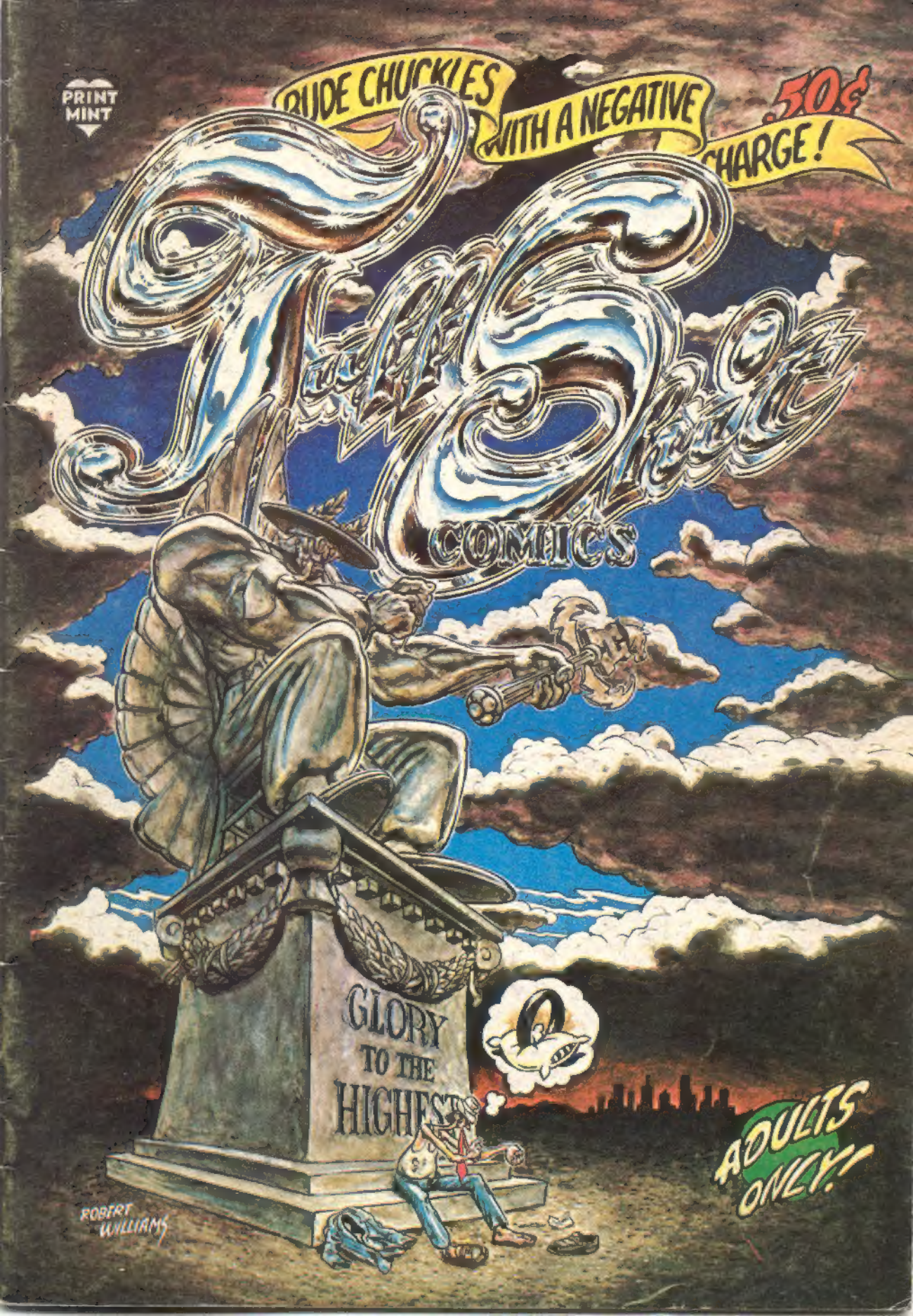
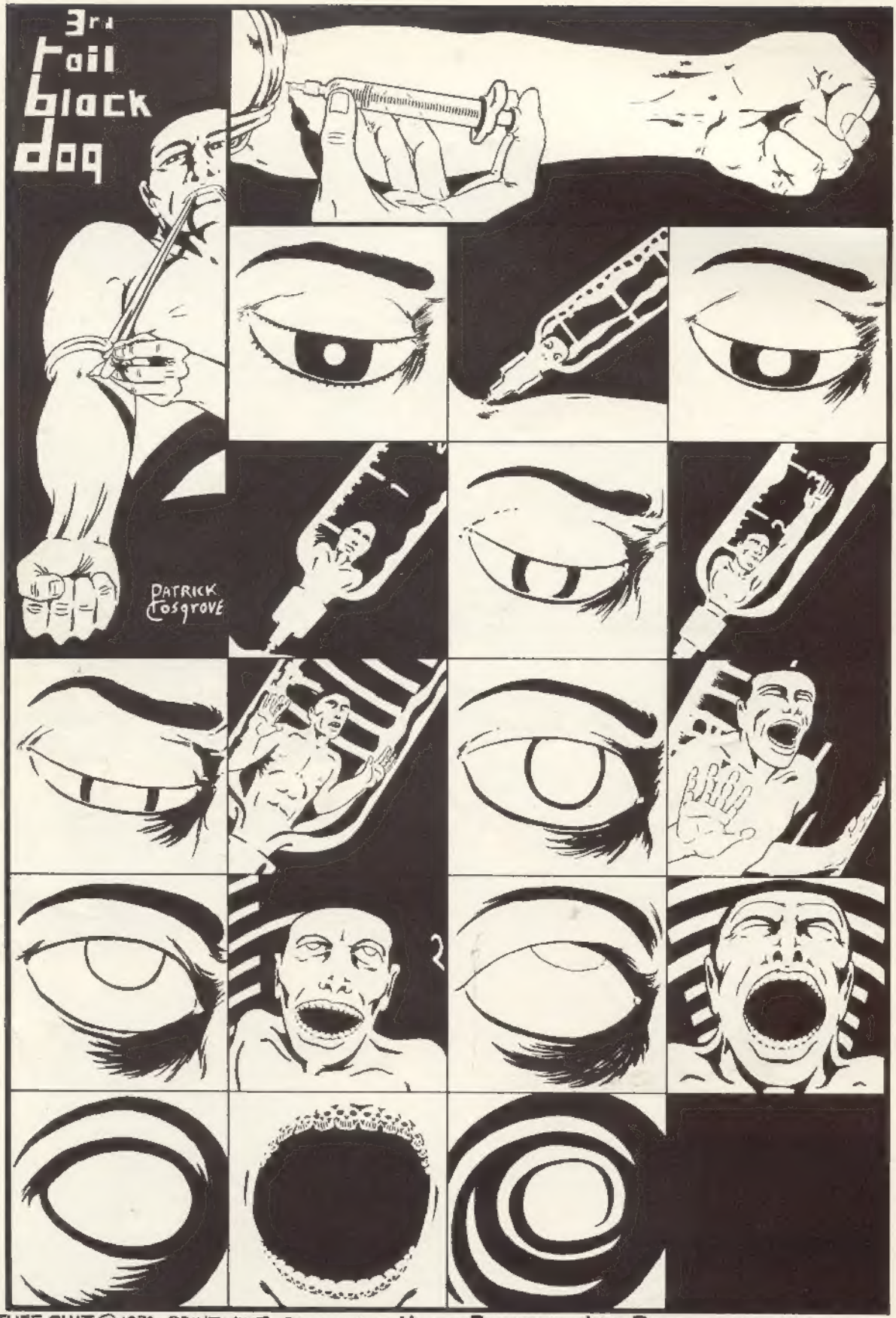

PRINT MINT
RUDE CHUCKLES WITH A NEGATIVE CHARGE!
.50¢
TRUE
COMICS
GLORY TO THE HIGHEST
ADULTS ONLY!
ROBERT WILLIAMS



TUFF SHIT © 1972 - PRINT MINT,... PROCEEDS TO HEROIN EMERGENCY LIFE PROJECT, A METHADONE & HELP PROGRAM FOR STREET ADDICTS - DONATIONS: H.E.L.P. c/o PRINT MINT - 830 FOLGER, BERKELEY, CALIF., 94710.

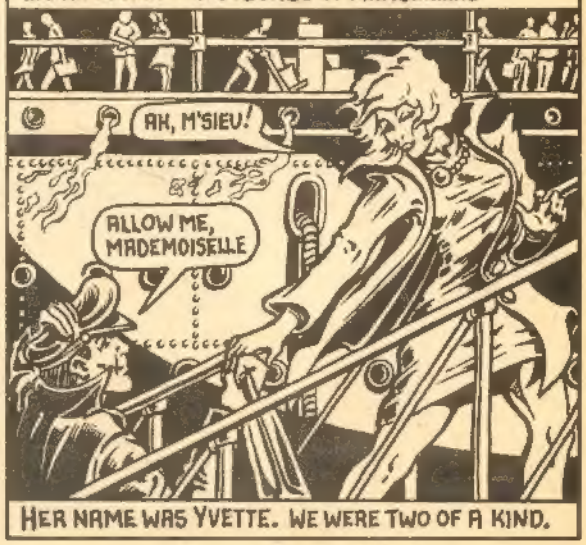
'Do Have Loved... And Lost!'

JIM OSBORNE '71

GUY ST. FOND-EX-MARSEILLES DOCK GOON AND HUSTLER-WAITS IN A STINKING HOVEL, STARING AT THE FILTHY WHITEWASHED WALLS AND STEWING IN HIS OWN SWEAT. THE LAZY DRONE OF FAT NORTH AFRICAN FLIES LULLS HIS MIND AS IT GLIDES BACK TO THAT FATEFUL RENDEZVOUS A SHORT MONTH AGO...

A MONTH? MON DIEU! AN ETERNITY!!—BUT HOW WELL I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT—TIRED, LONELY—I WANTED OUT OF THE RACKETS...

THE NEXT MORNING I BOARDED THE FREIGHTER AS A TOURIST, BUT IN TRUTH I WAS A BUYER OF RAW OPIUM DESTINED FOR THE CLANDESTINE HEROIN LABS THAT LIE HIDDEN IN THE SUBURBS OF MARSEILLES



HER NAME WAS YVETTE. WE WERE TWO OF A KIND.

SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD BEEN A SINGER IN BORDEAUX AND NOW PLANNED TO WORK THE TUNISIAN CLUB CIRCUIT. I KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT AND I PITIED HER.
WE WERE CONSTANT COMPANIONS ON THE VOYAGE TO TUNIS.
MY LONELINESS FLED AND PITY TURNED TO SOMETHING DEEPER
AS WE DISEMBARKED, I INVITED HER TO SHARE MY ASSIGNED ROOM IN THE HOTEL ALMANDINE. YVETTE ACCEPTED.
THE NEXT TWO DAYS WERE HEAVEN ON EARTH. THE MORNING OF THE THIRD A CARD ARRIVED. I MET MY CONTACT IN A SMALL INTERNATIONAL CAFE.
YOU LEAVE WITHIN THE HOUR, MY FRAN...
I EXPLAINED THE SCORE TO YVETTE WHILE PACKING AND ASKED HER TO WAIT FOR ME. SHE BROKE DOWN AND CRIED LIKE A BABY.
CALL ME SUCKER, BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I PICKED UP THE LOADED JEEP AND MET HER AT THE EDGE OF THE CITY.
HEADING SOUTH TOWARDS LIBYA, WE SPELLED EACH OTHER AT THE WHEEL—THROUGH THE HEAT OF THE AFTERNOON AND THE CHILL OF THE DESERT NIGHT.
WHEN THE SUN REACHED ITS ZENITH THE NEXT DAY, WE CRAWLED BENEATH A CANVAS TARP FOR A FEW HOURS OF FITFUL SLEEP. THAT EVENING WE REFUELED AT REMADA AND AS THE HOUR OF THE WOLF APPROACHED, SLIPPED UNNOTICED ACROSS THE LIBYAN BORDER.
WE CROSSED THE WASTES OF TRIPOLITANIA AND JUST BEFORE DUSK, WHEN SHADOWS LIE LOW AND LONG, WE REACHED OUR DESTINATION—THE HILLS WEST OF MIZDAH!

I CAME TO A HALT AT THE SUMMIT OF A LOW RIDGE AND SPIED THE FLICKER OF A SMALL FIRE IN THE CANYON BELOW. STRAPPING ON THE MONEY BELT AND GRABBING MY RIFLE, I TOLD YVETTE TO STAY WITH THE JEEP AND BEGAN MY DESCENT.

MY CONTACT'S MAPS HAD BEEN AMAZINGLY ACCURATE. IT WAS WITHOUT FEAR THAT I STEPPED INTO THE RING OF GLOWING FACES FOR I HAD BEEN ASSURED THAT THESE RUNNERS WERE TRUSTWORTHY FELLOWS WHO KNEW BETTER THAN TO HARM THE GEESE THAT BROUGHT THE GOLDEN EGGS.

SUDDENLY MY HEAD EXPLODED. I CAME TO AS YVETTE AND THE JEEP'S SUPPLIES WERE BEING SHOVED INTO THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT.

MY EYES JERKED UPWARDS TO THE GRINNING VISAGE OF THE LEADER OF THIS MOTLEY CREW. AS HE BARKED ORDERS I RECOGNIZED THE TONGUE AS TURKISH AND IMMEDIATELY RESIGNED MYSELF TO A SLOW AND TORTUROUS DEATH.

I WAS TIED TO A CROSS OF PALM— THE MEN DISAPPEARED INTO THEIR TENT WITH YVETTE.

I SUFFERED THE SOUND OF HER SCREAMS FOR WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS—PRAYING THAT THEY WOULD SOON SHOW HER THE MERCY OF DEATH. FINALLY, UNCONSCIOUSNESS CLOSED MY EARS.

CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED AS BLOOD ONCE AGAIN BEGAN TO COURSE THROUGH MY NUMB LIMBS, BRINGING WITH IT THE SENSATION OF PAIN. I WAS BEING CUT LOOSE.'

I BLURRED AND CRUMPLED. A FIGURE HELPED ME TO MY FEET. IT WAS YVETTE. YVETTE WAS ALIVE.' SHE SPOKE—

I GUESS IT WAS THEN THAT I KNEW I TRULY LOVED HER.

WE STUMBLED OUT OF THAT HELLISH CANYON, PAST THE MUTILATED BODIES OF OUR CONTACT MEN—VICTIMS OF AMBUSH BY THE TURKISH ROGUES.

WE FACED THE MERCILESS DESERT WITH BUT ONE CANTEEN OF WATER BETWEEN US—ANOTHER OF THE TURK'S CRUEL JOKES. I ESTIMATED TWO, POSSIBLY THREE, DAYS OF SURVIVAL.

WHEN THE HILLS OF MIZDAH FELL BEYOND THE HORIZON, YVETTE PRODUCED A SMALL, SINGLE SHOT PISTOL FROM BENEATH HER SHREDDED BLOUSE—ONE SHE HAD SOMEHOW STOLEN DURING HER ORDEAL IN THE BANDIT TENT. I TOOK IT WITHOUT COMMENT.

THE FIRST DAY'S TREK PROVED UNBEARABLE FOR YVETTE. LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, AS WE RESTED IN THE SHADOW OF A DUNE, I POINTED THE PISTOL AT YVETTE'S HEAD. MY TIGHTENING FINGER WAS STOPPED BY THE DISTANT CLANG OF A CAMEL'S BELL....

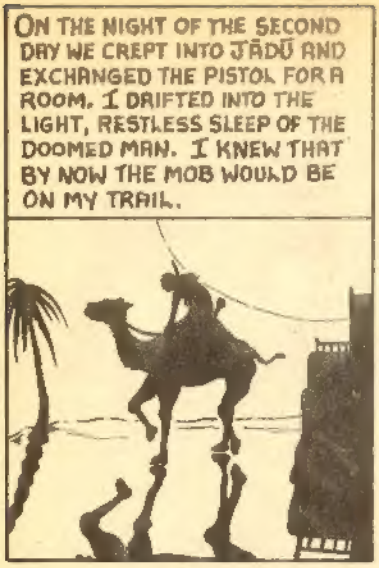
I SCURRIED TO THE TOP OF THE DUNE, SPIED A LONE TRAVELER MOVING IN OUR DIRECTION AND HAILED HIM.

HE KICKED HIS CAMEL AND BEGAN TO RIDE AWAY, PERHAPS OUT OF FEAR. I TOOK A CHANCE AND FIRED. HE FELL.

YVETTE, AWAKENED BY THE SHOT, JOINED ME IN THE MAD RUSH TO THE CAMEL. THANK GOD HE DIDN'T BOLT AND RUN.

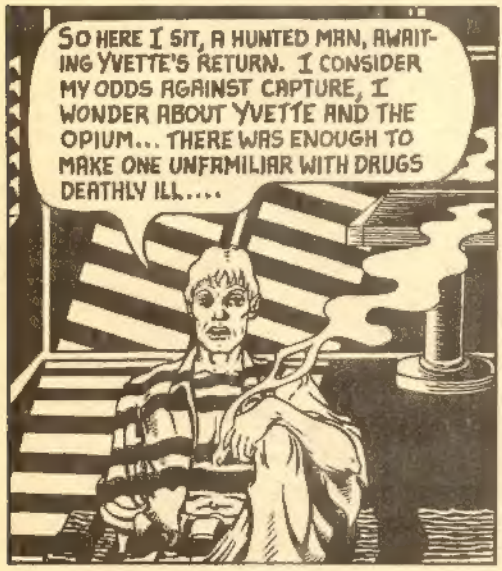
WE EXAMINED OUR BOOTY—FOUR GOATSKINS OF WATER, FOOD, A RIFLE AND A QUANTITY OF OPIUM.

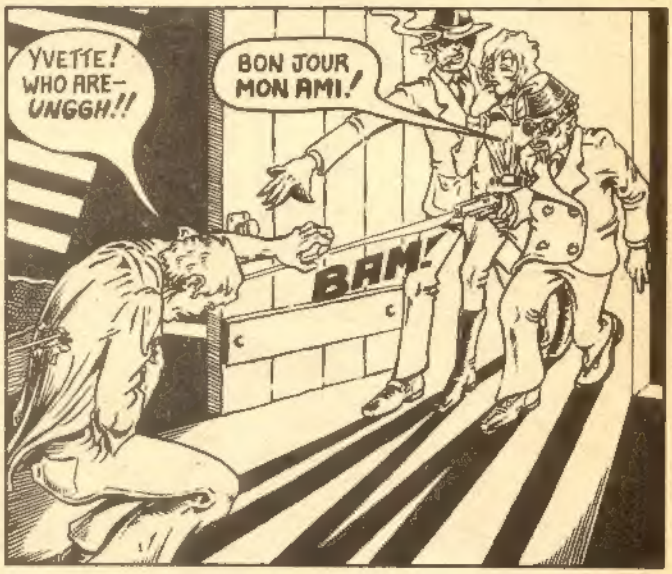
REFRESHED AND IN HIGH SPIRITS, WE MOUNTED THE CAMEL AND FOLLOWED THE WESTERN SUN TOWARDS TUNISIA.


ON THE NIGHT OF THE SECOND DAY WE CREPT INTO JÄDÜ AND EXCHANGED THE PISTOL FOR A ROOM. I DRIFTED INTO THE LIGHT, RESTLESS SLEEP OF THE DOOMED MAN. I KNEW THAT BY NOW THE MOB WOULD BE ON MY TRAIL.

DAWN BROKE. AFRAID TO SHOW MY FACE BY DAY, I SUGGESTED THAT YVETTE EXCHANGE THE ARAB'S OPIUM FOR FOOD AT THE MARKET-PLACE. THE OPIUM WAS GONE.

YVETTE HASTILY EXPLAINED SHE HAD CONSUMED IT DURING OUR JOURNEY TO QUELL THE PAIN, TO FORGET. I RELUCTANTLY GAVE HER THE RIFLE TO SELL. I HATE TO BE UNARMED.


SO HERE I SIT, A HUNTED MAN, AWAITING YVETTE'S RETURN. I CONSIDER MY ODDS AGAINST CAPTURE, I WONDER ABOUT YVETTE AND THE OPIUM... THERE WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE UNFAMILIAR WITH DRUGS DEATHLY ILL....


YVETTE! WHO ARE— UNGGH!!
BON JOUR MON AMI!
BAM!

FORGIVE ME, GUY! I DIDN'T WANT TO—OH SWEET JESUS! C'EST BON!
W-WHO TIPPED YOU I—I WAS HERE... WAS— WAS IT——
THERE ARE SOME THINGS GREATER THAN LOVE, MY 'FRAN! NOW...TO SLEEP...
FINIS

TALES FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICA 1970

APPROVED BY SHIT CONSUMERS OF AMERICA

INSPECTED BY NO. 4

CHEESE BURGER

BE A JUNIOR REDNECK RANGER

Great STORES

OPEN TONITE

TV REPAIR

SCHLOCK'S

PARKING

P

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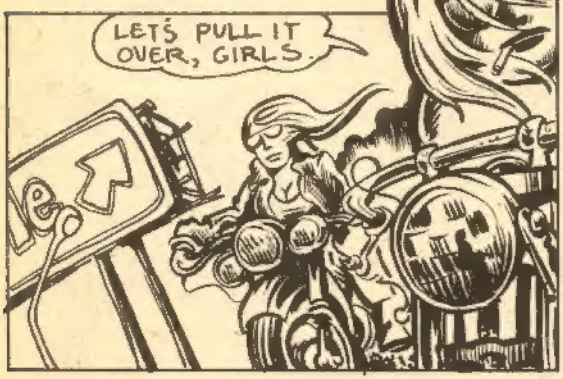
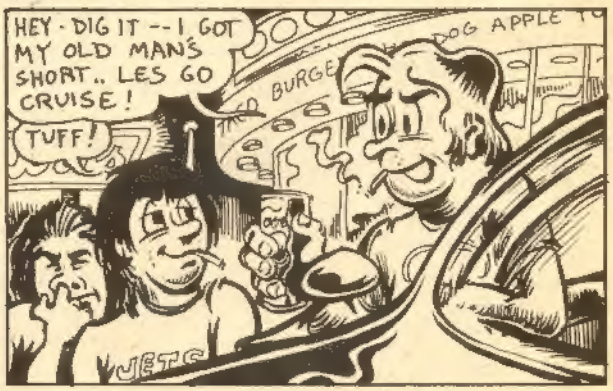
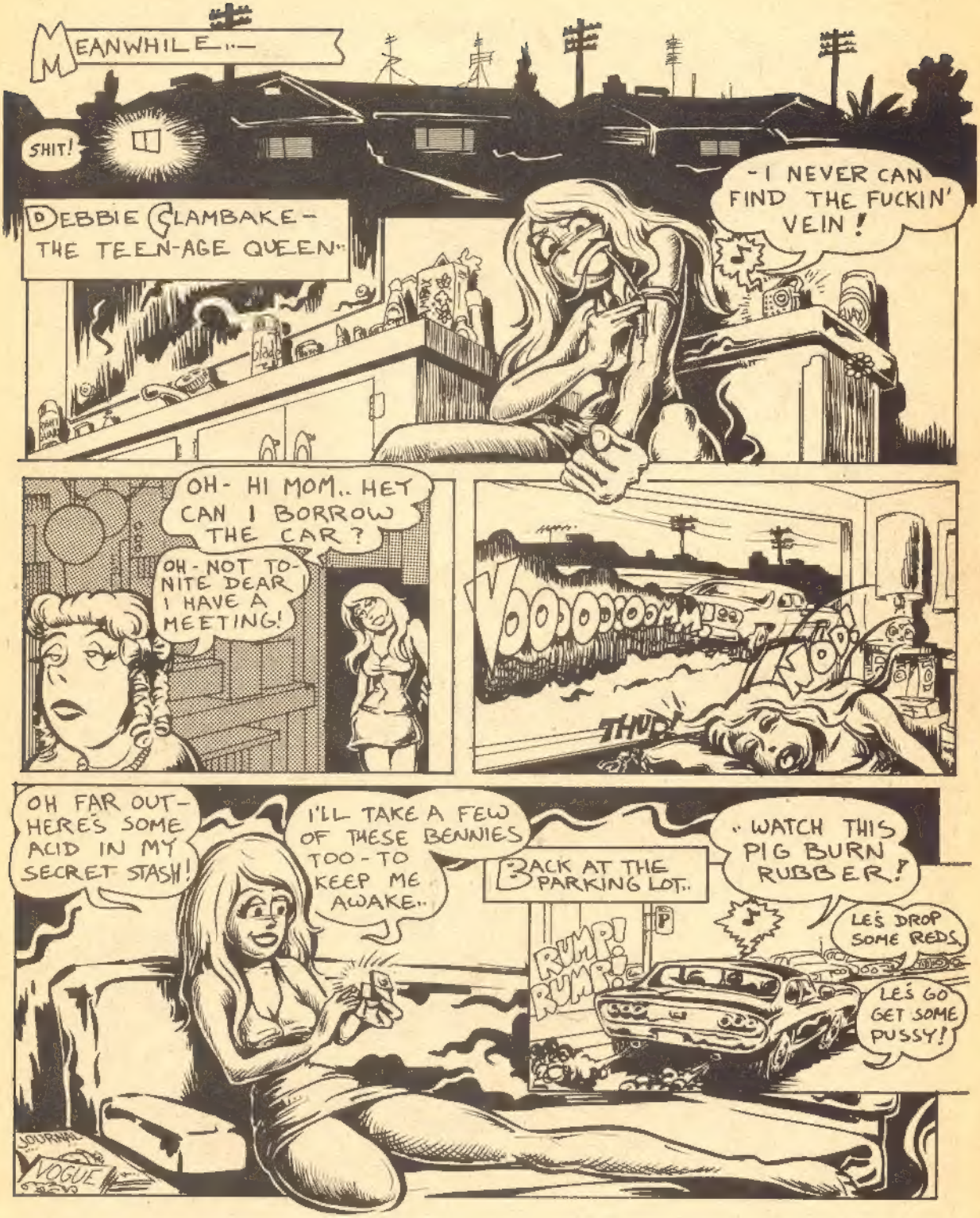
GONNIE CLUTCH AND HER GIRLS PAUSE ON THEIR NORTHBOUND RUN ALONG HIGHWAY 101 ..



MEANWHILE - DOWN AT THE ASTRO DRIVE-IN ~ JIMMY FREEDLOWE CONVENES WITH HIS PALS..




MEANWHILE...—
SHIT!
DEBBIE GLAMBAKE— THE TEEN-AGE QUEEN..
-I NEVER CAN FIND THE FUCKIN' VEIN!
OH- HI MOM.. HEY CAN I BORROW THE CAR?
OH- NOT TO-NITE DEAR! I HAVE A MEETING!
VOOOOOOOOMM!
VOO!
THUD!
OH FAR OUT- HERE'S SOME ACID IN MY SECRET STASH!
I'LL TAKE A FEW OF THESE BENNIES TOO- TO KEEP ME AWAKE..
BACK AT THE PARKING LOT..
.. WATCH THIS PIG BURN RUBBER!
LE'S DROP SOME REDS.
LE'S GO GET SOME PUSSY!
RUMP! RUMP!
JOURNAL VOGUE

SKREE!
FAR OUT!
HAR HAR HAR!
WHEEEE
HEY, I DROPPED THE ROACH..
WHAT TH HELL WE DOIN' HERE CONNIE ?
LET'S PULL IN OVER THERE - NO ONE'S HOME..
HEY YOU GUYS - LOOKIT WHAT I RIPPED OFF MY OLD MAN...!
HEY Y'WANT ANOTHER RED...?
FAAR OUT..!
MAN, AM I FUCKED UP! - THAT WATER SURE LOOKS GOOD..
- WEIRD..
OOOPS! FAR OUT..
STUMBLE!
SPLAT!
OH SHIT.. I CAN'T MOVE MY ARMS -
OH WELL..
HEY, CONNIE CHECK THIS OUT..!
HERE Y'GO SWEETIE -
THIS'LL GET YOU ON YOUR FEET..
HEH HEH

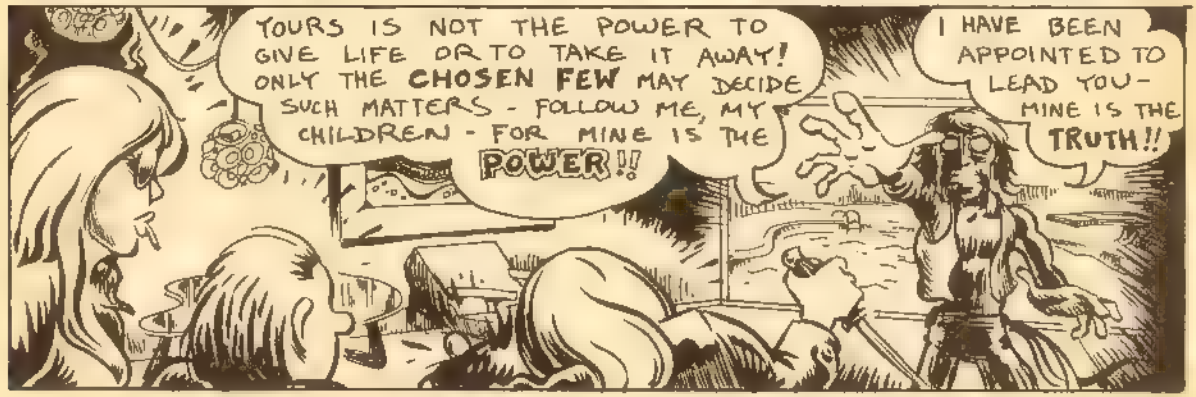
-HEY! LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A FUCKIN' PARTY GOIN' ON AT DEBBIE'S — C'MON YOU GUYS-!

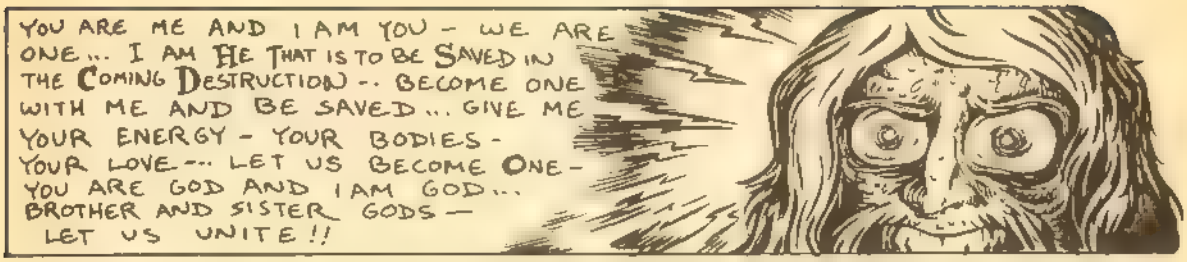
HEY WOW... THIS IS A PRETTY WIERD PARTY, YOU GUYS!
YEAH MAN!

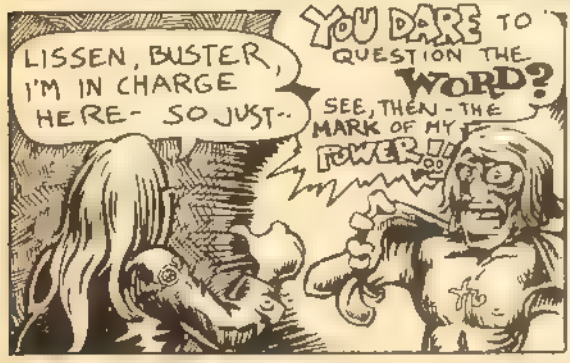
OKAY, HONEY- NOW GET SET FOR A REAL SURPRIZE!
OH, WOW MAN-!

?-WHAT TH' FUCK...
OKAY BITCH, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE OR I'LL BLOW YOU APART!! -GRAB 'EM, YOU GUYS!
HUH?
OOPS.
URP!

WIZE ASS PUNK!
HALP!!
WAIT!

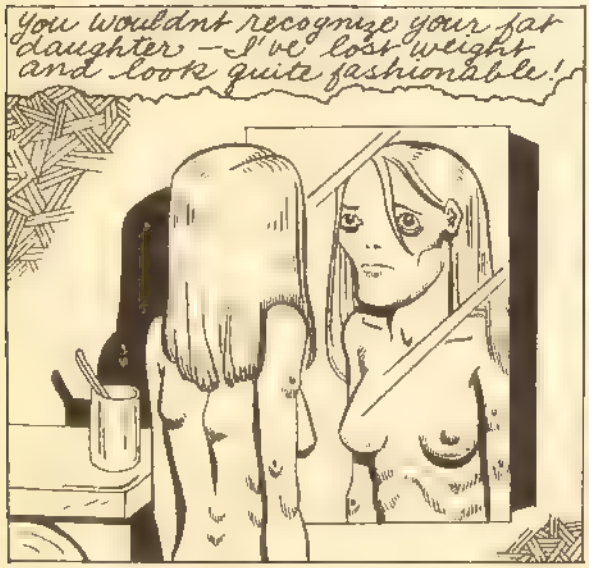

YOURS IS NOT THE POWER TO GIVE LIFE OR TO TAKE IT AWAY! ONLY THE CHOSEN FEW MAY DECIDE SUCH MATTERS - FOLLOW ME, MY CHILDREN - FOR MINE IS THE POWER!!
I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO LEAD YOU- MINE IS THE TRUTH!!

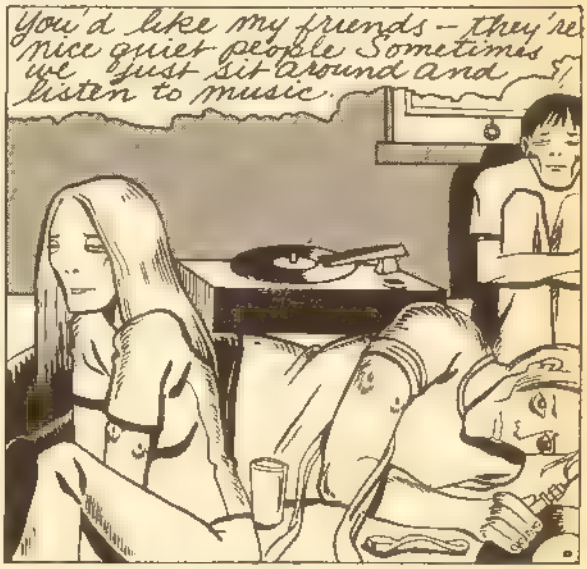




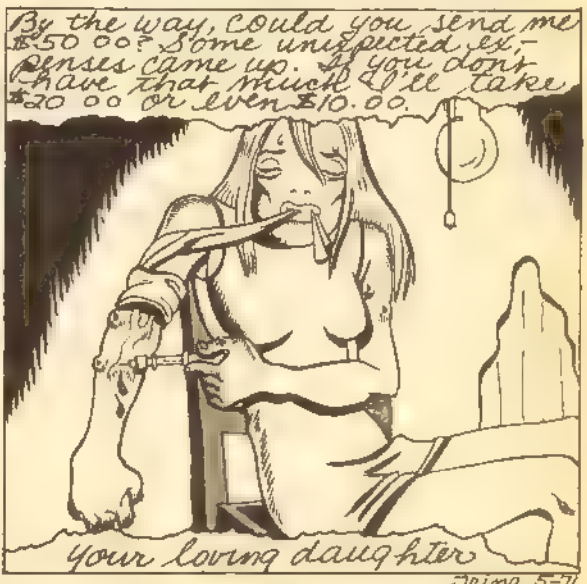
LARRY WELZ '71

My new job allows me to get lots of fresh air and I meet all sorts of interesting people.
A Letter Home
Dear Mom, It sure was nice to hear from you. Don't worry about me. My new job
and dont worry about me not getting enough sleep. I spend loads of time in bed.


You wouldnt recognize your fat daughter — I've lost weight and look quite fashionable!


You'd like my friends — they're nice quiet people Sometimes we just sit around and listen to music.

and thanks for the beautiful pearl necklace you sent for my birthday — I just loved it!


By the way, could you send me $50.00? Some unexpected expenses came up. If you dont have that much I'll take $20.00 or even $10.00.
Your loving daughter

Irina 5-71

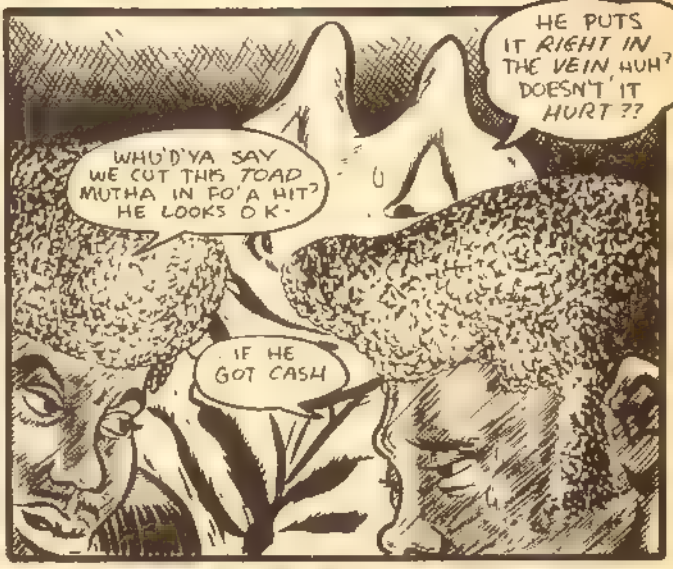
The ADDICTIVE PERSONALITY

A DRAMATIZATION SIMULATING AN ACTUAL REAL-LIFE SITUATION

BILL GRIFFITH M.D.

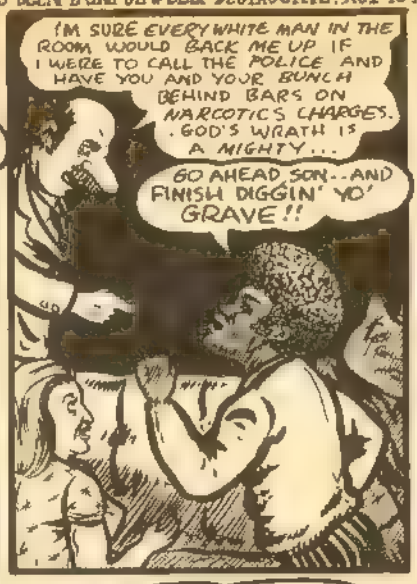
5/71

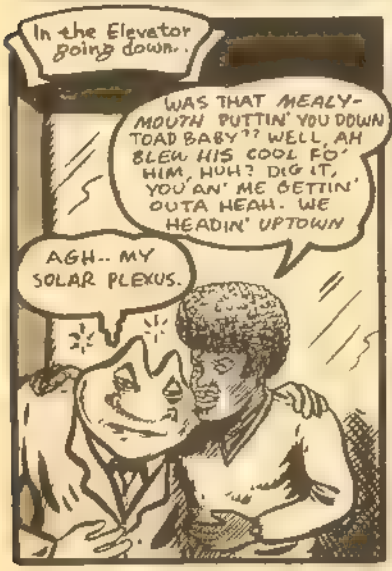
SPECIMEN IS INTRODUCED TO THE "ADDICT GROUP" AND WEAK WILLED, HE SUCCUMBS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

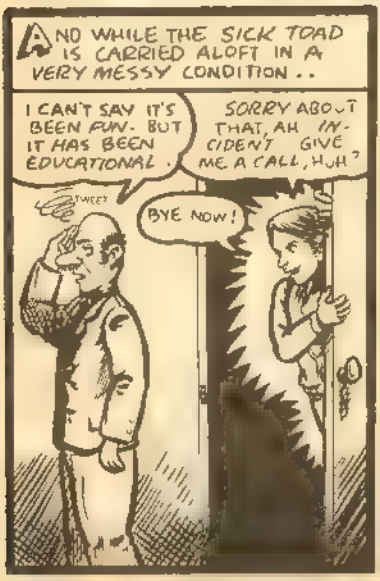


ADRIFT IN A HEROIN-INDUCED STUPOR, SPECIMEN LOSES ALL CONACT WITH REAL WORLD

SPECIMEN'S FORAY INTO DRUG SCENE HAS BEEN PAINFUL & SELF-DESTRUCTIVE. NOT TO MENTION AN EMBARASSMENT TO OTHERS.







STICK TO GRASS AND GIN-SENG, FOLKS!

THE END

Street Corner DAZE

THERE'S A HUMAN INTEREST STORY HERE SOMEWHERE!

This is a PUBLIC SERVICE comicstrip on the subject of SPEED

FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMMUNITY!

HEY, C'MON OVER HERE A MINUTE!

HEY, BABY, I GOT SOMEPIN' FER YOU!

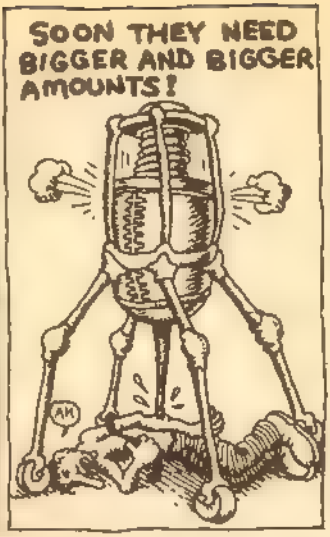
SPEED?

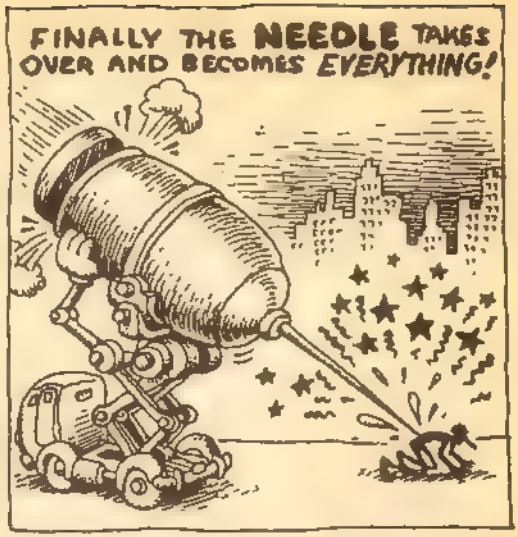
SPACED OUT!

R. CRUMB

A CARTOON FOR EVERY OCCASION!

WASTING THEIR PRECIOUS YOUTH AND BODILY HEALTH
BONZAI!


SOON THEY NEED BIGGER AND BIGGER AMOUNTS!
AH


FINALLY THE NEEDLE TAKES OVER AND BECOMES EVERYTHING!

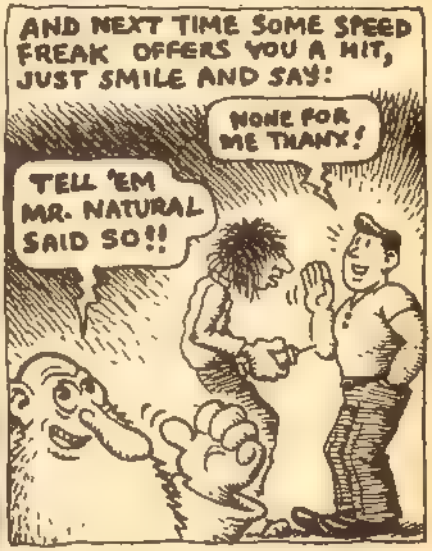
THE ONCE BRIGHT KID IS NOW JUST A PARANOID SPOOK! A QUIVERING CREEPO!

A SELF-ENCLOSED OUCH-CUBE OF SHOT NERVES!!

SOME OF THEM WISE UP AND SHAKE THE FILTHY HABIT!
SCRAM!

OTHERS GO ON USING THE EVIL STUFF FOR YEARS, BABBLING ON SENSELESSLY TO ANYBODY WHO'LL PUT UP WITH IT!
MUMBLE

SO, HAVE FUN AND FREAK OUT BUT REMEMBER:
SPEED
KILLS


AND NEXT TIME SOME SPEED FREAK OFFERS YOU A HIT, JUST SMILE AND SAY:
NONE FOR ME THANX!
TELL 'EM MR. NATURAL SAID SO!!

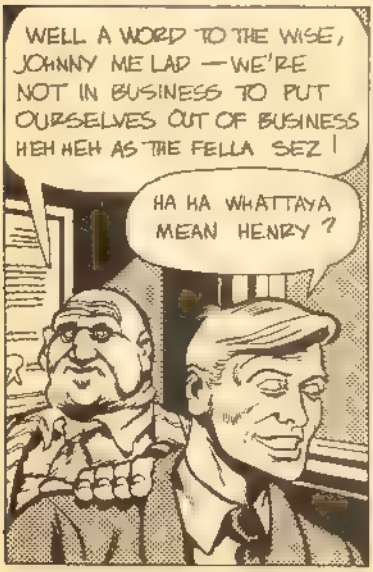
JOHNNY CARTER WAS A COP AN HONEST, DECENT AMERICAN ALL HE WANTED WAS A BETTER WORLD FOR EVERYONE, FREE FROM CORRUPTING FORCES LIKE THE KILLER DRUG, HEROIN

JOHNNY CARTER in... TAINTED BLOOD!

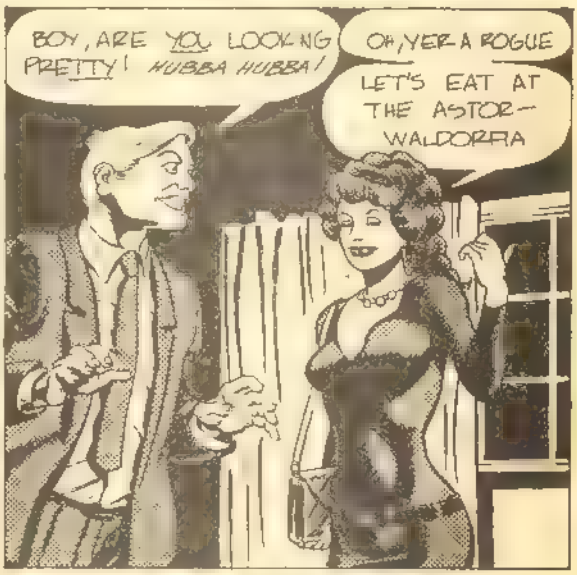
YOU KNOW, HENRY, SOMETIMES IT'S DEPRESSING, BEING ON THE NARC SQUAD "SEEING THESE KIDS GET RUINED WHILE THE BIG PUSHERS GO FREE!

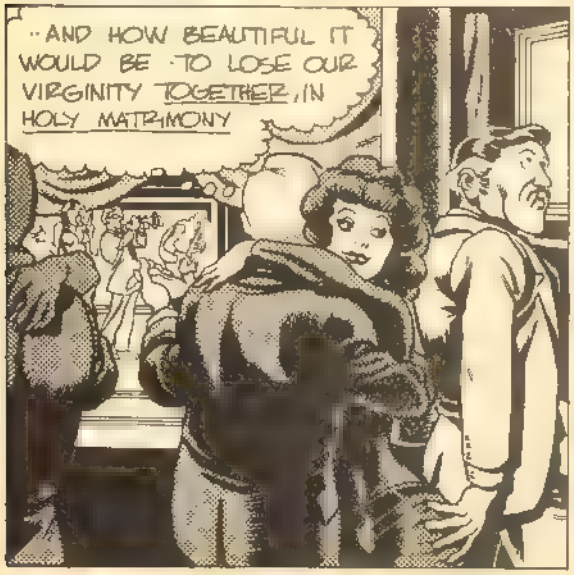
POLICE

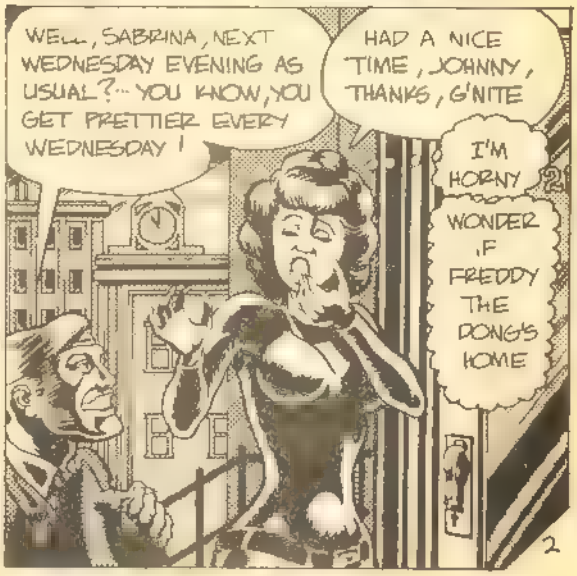
SOME SAY THE DRUG RACKET'LL NEVER BE CLEANED UP. I DON'T BELIEVE IT



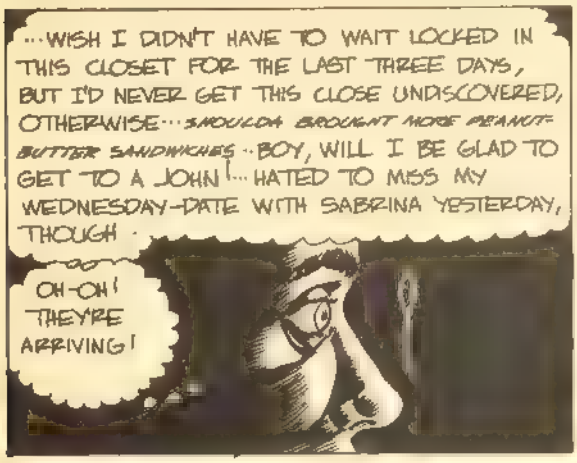
CARTER PAID COURT REGULARLY TO ONE SABRINA FELDSPAR, WHOM HE LOVED SHE WAS AS STUPID AS YOU'LL FIND, BUT CARTER DIDN'T KNOW THAT, ANYWAY, HE RESPECTED PEOPLE FOR THEIR STRENGTH OF CHARACTER HE ALLOWED AS HOW SABRINA HAD IT AND THEN SOME



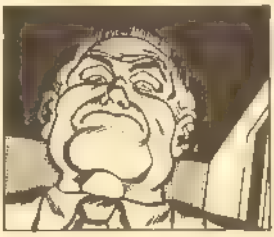




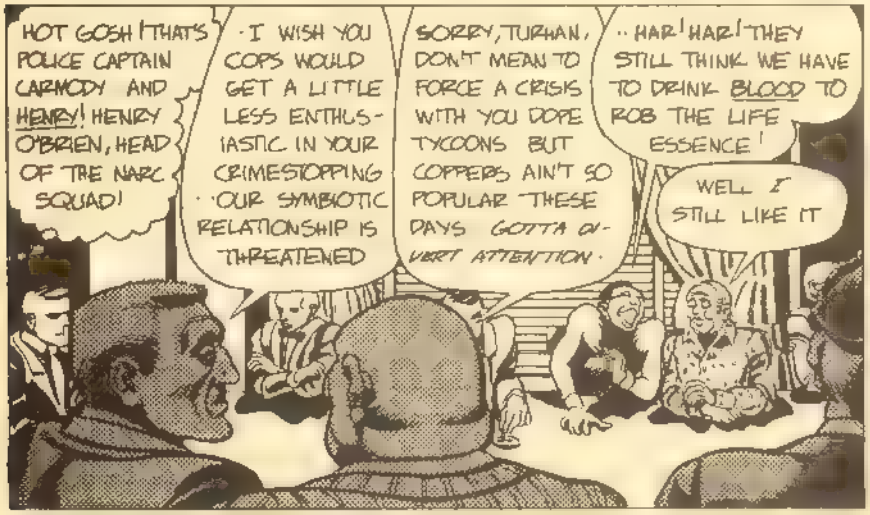
YES, CARTER'S LIFE SEEMED PRETTY FULL, WITH HIGH HOPES FOR THE FUTURE IF ONLY HE COULD WIPE OUT CRIME. THEN ONE DAY, AFTER EXTENSIVE SLEUTHING AND WIRETAPPING, HE LEARNED OF A MYSTERIOUS TOP-LEVEL MEETING OF THE NARCOTICS "BIGGIES", AS WELL AS OTHER UNNAMED AGENTS OF SIN. HE WENT TO THE DESIGNATED HOTEL THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE.

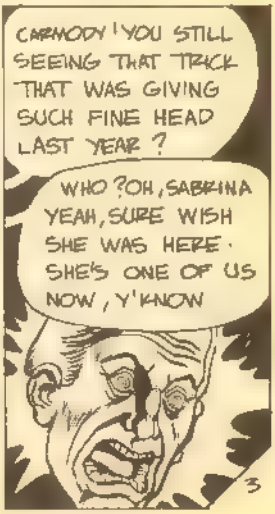


"ARE ALL THE VAMPIRE FACTIONS REPRESENTED? LET'S SEE, THE POLITICIANS POLICE OFFICIALS.. HEROIN TRAFFICKERS. THE MILITARY ART CRITICS PSYCHOLOGISTS. CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.. RELIGIOUS LEADERS.. GOOD. MORE WILL ARRIVE LATER.."

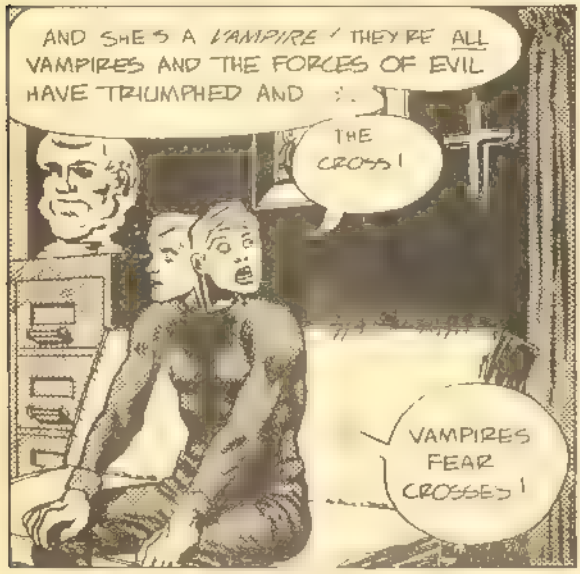


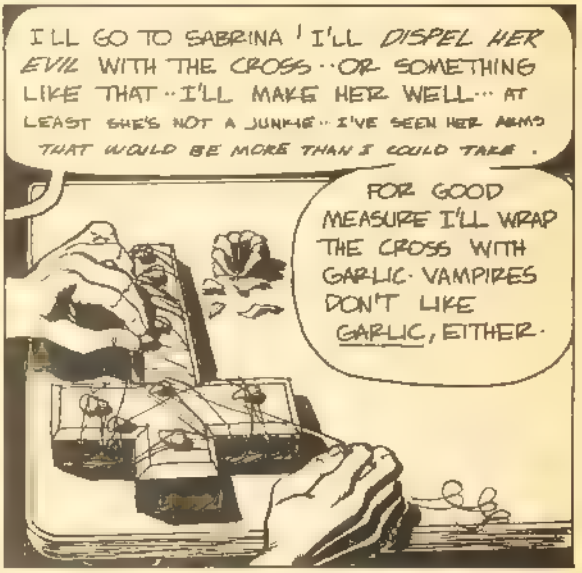
CARTER LISTENED AND WATCHED, NUMB WITH HORROR, AS EVERYTHING HE HELD SACRED WAS REVEALED TO BE A PART OF THE VAMPIRES' WORLD-MANIPULATION-COMPLEX



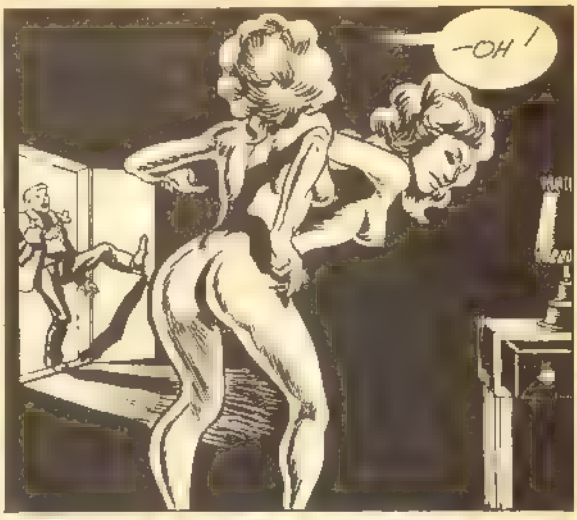


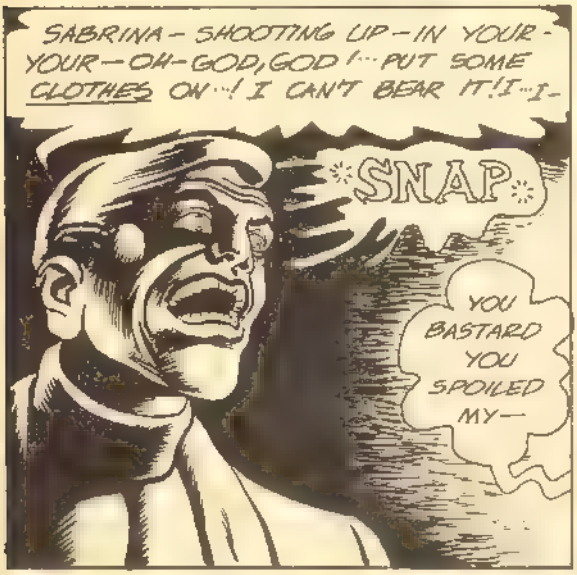
HOW CARTER STAYED LENT AND STILL THROUGH THE HOURS UNTIL THEY LEFT, HE NEVER KNEW. IN A DAZE HE WALKED THROUGH THE CITY BACK TO HIS APARTMENT, AND FINALLY—





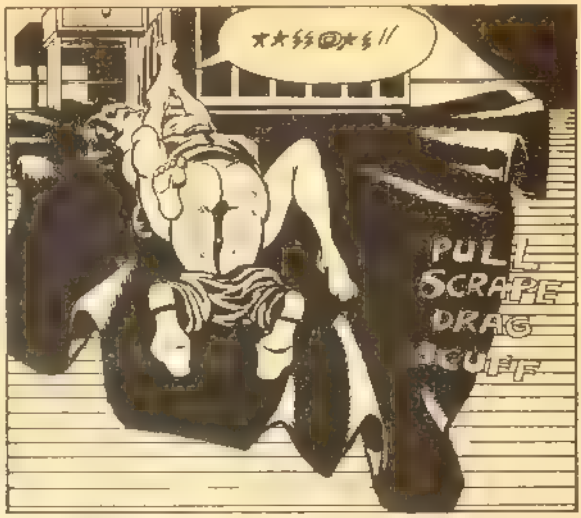
CARTER DECIDED TO SLIP IN UNANNOUNCED, AND OBTAINED A DUPLICATE KEY FROM THE SUPER, ON THE STRENGTH OF HIS BADGE AND NARC SQUAD CREDENTIALS

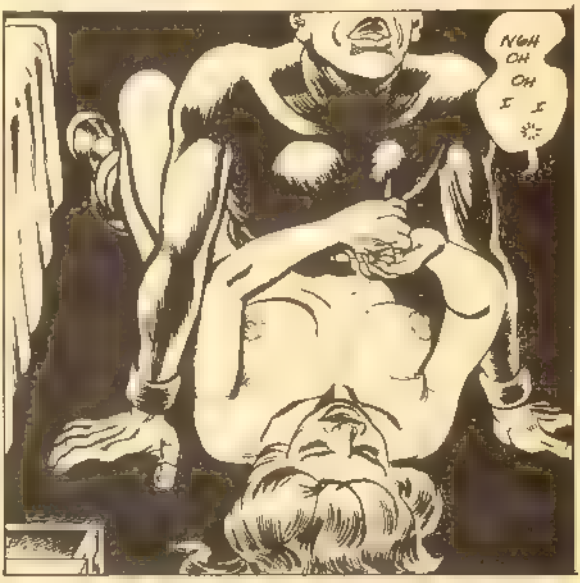




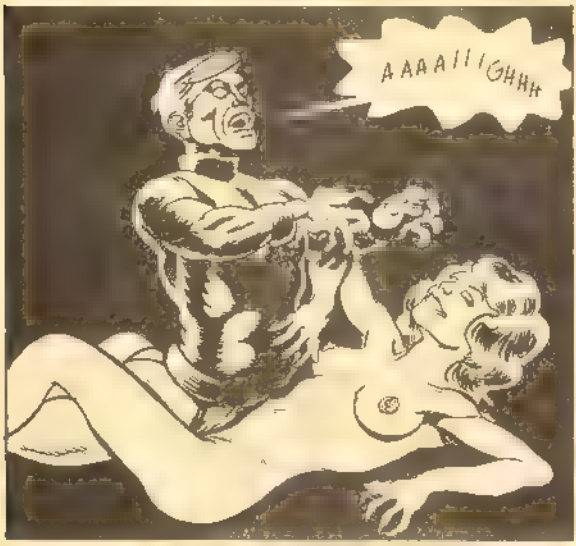
WITH A SHUDDER OF REVULSION, IN THE MIDST OF HIS EXPLOSION OF INSANITY AND LUST, CARTER REALIZED THAT THE GARLIC (FOR IT IS INDEED THE GARLIC THAT GAGS VAMPIRES, CROSSES HAVING NO MORE EFFECT THAN A STAR OF DAVID) WAS WEAKENING HIM AS MUCH AS SABRINA AS HE FLUNG AWAY THE GARLIC CROSS, THE FULL TRUTH HIT HIM

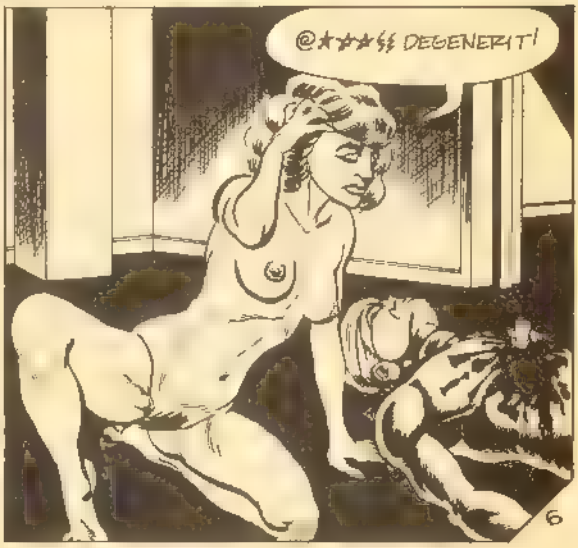
SABRINA, HOWEVER, WAS USED TO HAVING OCCASIONAL VIOLENT SUITORS, SOME OF WHOM WERE VAMPIRES, FOR WHICH TIMES SHE KEPT HANDY A SHARPENED WOOD STAKE—



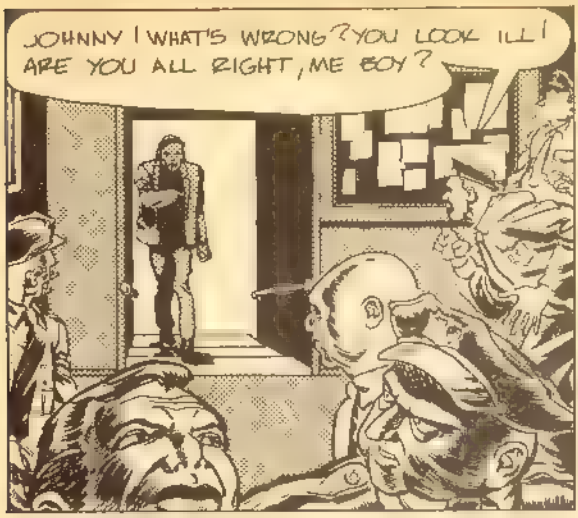


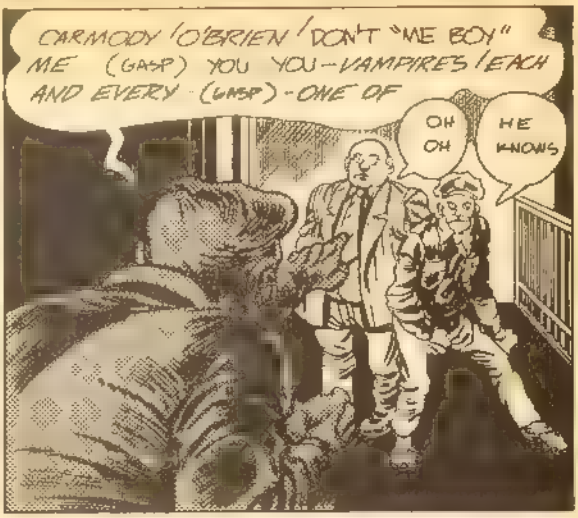
IT WAS CARTER'S FIRST FUCK AND IT WAS A LULU!

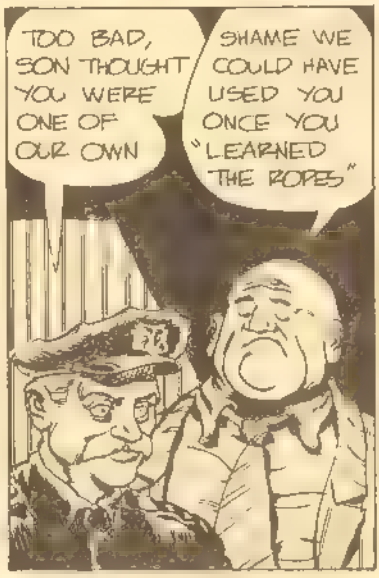


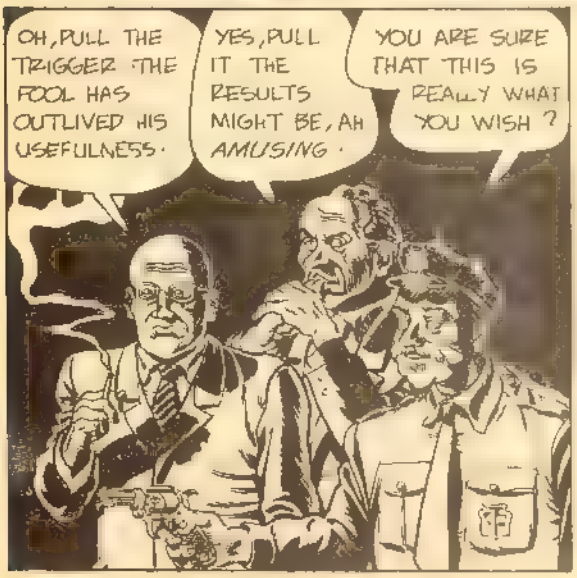


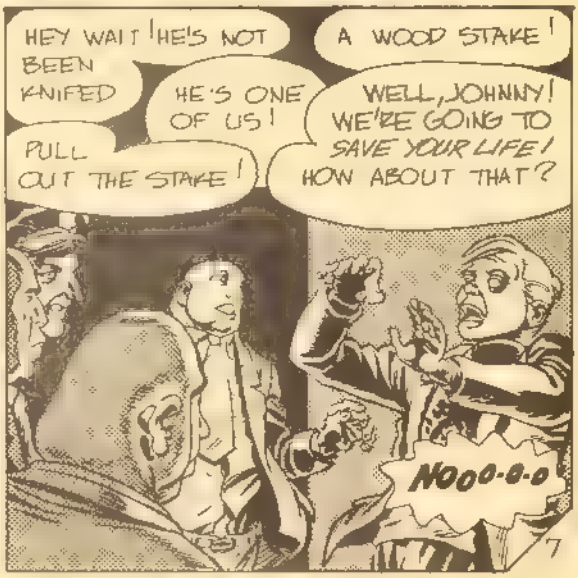
BUT THE STAKE HADN'T BEEN DRIVEN IN DEEP ENOUGH CARTER WAS WOUNDED BUT ALIVE AS THOUGH SLEEPWALKING, HE HEADED INSTINCTIVELY FOR THE POLICE STATION.



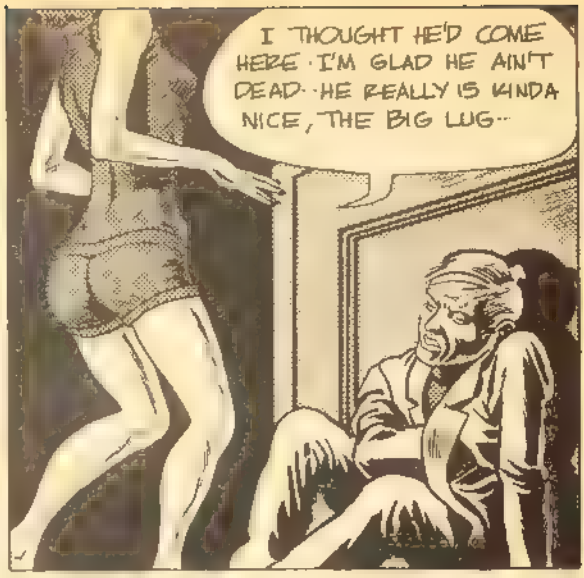






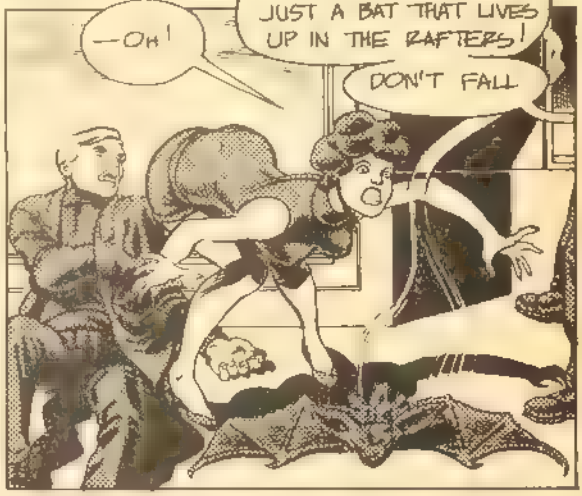


JUST THEN, IN FLOUNCED SABRINA



THROUGH HIS NEAR-DEATH-HAZE, CARTER HEARD SABRINA'S WORDS · HE TRIED TO SPEAK, TO SAY, "PULL OUT THE STAKE! LET ME LIVE·!"

BUT



THE OLD SHOOTIN' POOPER

BY FLAHERTY

JUSTIN GREEN

WHILE YOU'RE UP... GET ME SOME SMACK

YEAH! THOSE WRITERS GOT IT REAL SOFT!

A SMACK-HEAD CONTEMPLATES THE 20th CENTURY NOVEL.

WHO NEEDS SOME BODY ELSE'S EGO TRIP?! ALL THIS JUST *RELATIVE* CRAP! *FUCK IT, MAN— NOW IS!!*

EVEN SO...

SNAP

HEY, NOW! JUST GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A *SCI-FI NOVEL* — I OUGHTA WRITE THIS DOWN!

TYPING IN AMERICA

BUT FIRST I GOTTA GET ME A TYPEWRITER

TYPEW

SALE

WHY OF ALL THE

SO SAYETH MON DEITCH

THE BLAST-OFF

CLANG!

GARK!

HEROIN CHECKLIST:

- ✓ FALSE TELEPATHIC COMMANDS
- ✓ DELICATE CHEMICAL BALANCE OF BODY CHANGED.
- ✓ LOSS OF EGO, FRIENDS, MONEY.
- ✓ INTENSIFICATION OF NEUROTIC, PSYCHOTIC WOES.
- ✓ DIMINISHING RETURNS OF EUPHORIC EFFECTS DESPITE INCREASED DOSAGE.
- ✓ LOW REBIRTH.

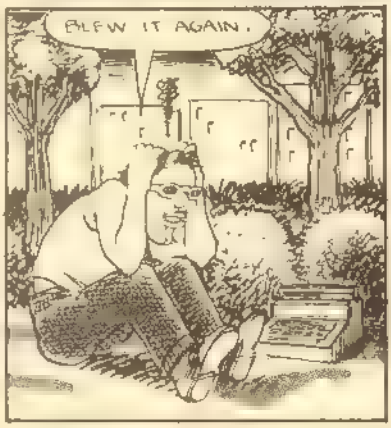
ALTHOUGH MANY ADDICTS MAY DISPUTE THESE CLAIMS, THEY ARE IN NO POSITION TO MAKE OBJECTIVE JUDGEMENTS.

LATER
GUHB.

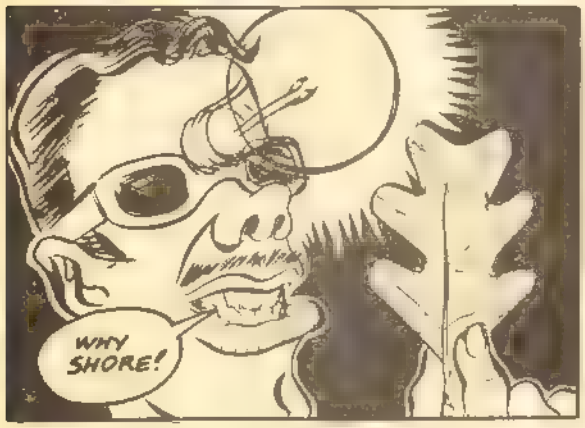
ST LATER
I'D BETTER GET THAT TYPEWRITER SO I CAN START MY NOVEL!

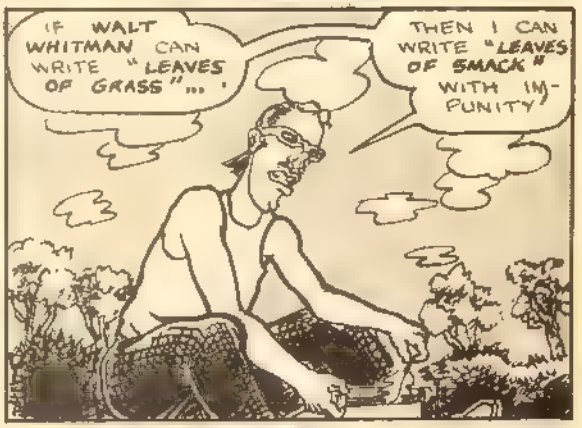
YEP SHE'S STILL NESTLED IN THE BUSHES.

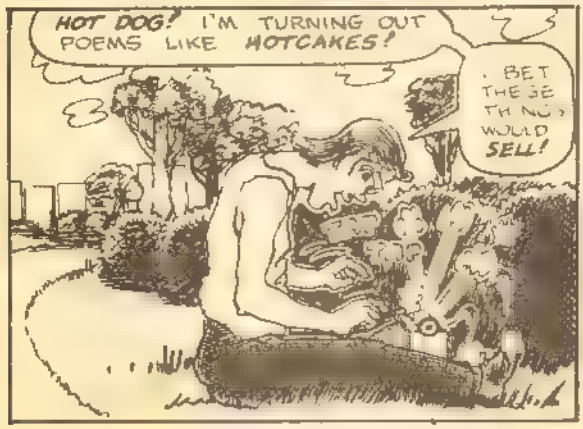
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT SHOPPING BAG, MR HEROIN USER?!


BLEW IT AGAIN.

HMMM-THE FIRST PAPER USED BY MAN WAS ACTUALLY MADE FROM THE LEAVES OF THE EUCALYPTUS TREE SAY, I WONDER IF-


WHY SHORE!


IF WALT WHITMAN CAN WRITE "LEAVES OF GRASS"...
THEN I CAN WRITE "LEAVES OF SMACK" WITH IMPUNITY!


HOT DOG! I'M TURNING OUT POEMS LIKE HOTCAKES!
I BET THESE THINGS WOULD SELL!

INTERGALACTIC! I'VE CREATED A NEW ART FORM!! I'LL BE FAMOUS!
FUCK YOU, DICK.
UH-OH! WE'LL HAVE TO "BLEEP" THAT ONE!
HA HA HA CLAP CLAP

WHINNY!
WHUZZAT?

AND WHAT WOULD Y'BE DOIN' LAD?
I HAPPEN TO BE A WRITER!

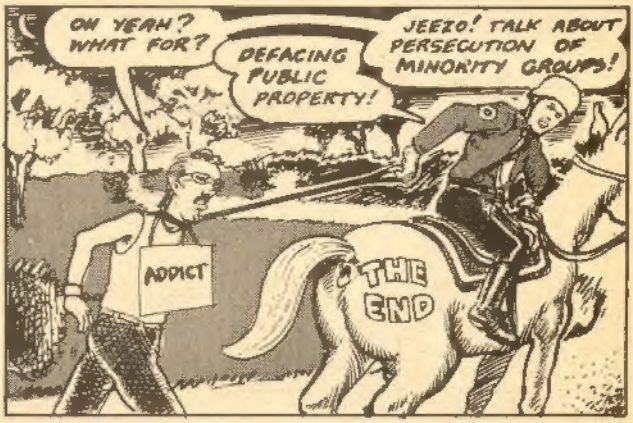
WELL THEN, COULD I SEE ONE OF YOUR YARNS?
SUIT YOURSELF - BUT YOU PROBABLY WON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT!

OH, IS THAT SO? IT LOOKS LIKE COMMON GUTTER TALK T'ME!
PANDORA'S PUDENDAE PUCKER, SPEWING FETID FROTH. AND ME WITHOUT MY BUGBOMB

LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR FOREARMS, MR. WRITER!
HUH! WHAT FOR?

JUST AS I THOUGHT - PATCHED UP LIKE AN OLD TIRE TUBE!
ROOKIES: TAKE NOTE!

HEY! WHADDUNYA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'!?
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.
CLICK!


OH YEAH? WHAT FOR?
DEFACING PUBLIC PROPERTY!
JEEZO! TALK ABOUT PERSECUTION OF MINORITY GROUPS!
ADDICT
THE END

WHO KNOWS
THE FLASH, THE FLOOD OF BLOOD... JOY THAT BUOYS, RACE OF NERVE WON, FLARE OF SUN... THE GAME OF FLAME...

WHO KNOWS...
THE BALLS THAT THROES... THE BRAIN THAT GLOWS... THE PAIN THAT PALLS THE AGONIES OF LACK...?

WHO INDEED?...

FOUR SCORES & TWENTY TEARS AGO OUR MOTHERS BROUGHT FORTH

"THE PHARMACOPOEIA OF THE UNSTONED, UNCORKED, UNCLOTTED, UNSTUNNED, UNCRUTCHED, UNSTRUNG, UNCTURE" OH NOURISHED BY THE SLAYS OF THE BIRD THAT STALKS THE WIND OF MY BLOOD

JUNKIE NO!

Q: "... and if the pin pricketh, Lord,.. therefore shall I lump it? And if a camel should pass through the I of the needle, shall I therefore hump it?.. "
A: "... and if the shit fitteth how shall I kick it?..."
...old proverb

MAKE TRICKS, MUTHA!

White slavery.

"YOU FUCKERS THINK I GET 'WOBBLE-IN-THE-ASS' OVER SOME GODDAMN PUNK ORANGE JUICE!!?!"
METHADONE
STRAW